

## DYBERT IS STILL ALIVE AND WELL.

Report That He Had Been  
Shot Contradicted  
from Havana.

The Journal Correspondent  
Visits the Young Illinoisan  
in His Cell.

With Tears the Prisoner Tells of  
the Intense Suffering He  
Is Undergoing.

HE HAS OFTEN HOPED FOR DEATH.

When Told of the Certainty of His  
Release, the Unfortunate Youth  
Broke Down and Offered  
Thanks to His Maker.

The report was circulated yesterday, based on Congressman Sulzer's emphatic assertion of his belief to that effect by reason of private information which he considers reliable, that Walter Grant Dybert had been shot. It was, moreover, stated that Weyler had placed another man in his cell to represent him, and that the mysterious silence concerning the young Illinoisan was a part of the programme to shield himself as long as possible from the consequences.

By Frederick W. Lawrence.

Havana, April 22.—The report that Walter Grant Dybert has been shot has no foundation in fact. He is alive and well.

Havana, April 15.—The Journal is a more potent influence with the Spanish authorities in Cuba than the United States Government.

As the representative of the paper, I have succeeded in breaking the "incommunicado" rule, a feat never before accomplished by a newspaper man, and something that Ramon Williams, the United States Consul-General, has been trying in vain to do for the past several weeks. And the trick is very simple if you only know how to go about it.

I went down to Guines last Monday, determined to see Walter Grant Dybert, the American who is confined there "incommunicado." If he was alive, and if he was dead, to satisfy the public interest on that point.

I begged the Alcalde of the town to let me see the prisoner, but he was almost paralyzed at the audacity of any one presuming to ask for an interview with an "incommunicado" man. Various other availing officials looked as though they thought I was a lunatic who ought to be in a straitjacket.

The forlorn hope was the military judge of the town. This gentleman, whose name and title is Captain De Infanteria Juez Instructor De Guines, Don Aureliano Rios-pios De Guzman, I found as he was about to sit down to his breakfast in the restaurant.

**Laid Siege to the Captain's Stomach.**  
In two minutes the breakfast he had ordered was regaling the palate of the house dog, and my interpreter was ordering such a breakfast for three as that hostelry had never served before. We laid siege to the Captain's stomach and won him.

At first he was enveloped in arctic frigidity, but under the mellow influence of the rare wines that the interpreter scoured the town for, the old chap thawed out, and when the level of an interpreter discovered that he was a descendant of one of the Captain's college chums our guest rose up and embraced us as brothers.

Before that breakfast was finished the Captain had promised that Dybert should be "communicado" to us, and had sworn himself the firm friend of all Americans until the end of time.

The rest is a simple story. We went to the prison with the Captain, and Dybert was brought into the office, where I talked with him as long as I cared to. Not only that, but our friend allowed us to bring in a photographer to take the prisoner's picture.

At the same time the note refusing Consul-General Williams permission to see Dybert was replying in the Consulate cafe.

**Dybert's Deep Gratitude.**

Poor Dybert! His eyes filled with tears when I clasped his hand and spoke kindly to him in his own language. It was the first time in many weeks that he had seen a friendly face. I had to wait until he had gulped down the choking feeling in his throat before engaging him in conversation.

"So," said the prisoner, "you represent the Journal, do you? A newspaper man is the first of my countrymen to come to me. Where is our Consul? I wrote to him, and received only a cold reply. Why has he not tried to send somebody to me?"

I told Dybert that the Consul was a very busy man, and I hope the Recording Angel will not lay that up against me. Then I asked him how a man incommunicado could send anything, even to the Consul of his country. Dybert would not tell me, but the affectionate way he looked at our friend, the Captain, solved the problem to my satisfaction.

"Is anything being done for me? Do my friends in America know of my imprisonment? In the name of God, tell me how much longer I must remain in this accursed hole!"

I told him of the fight the Journal had made for him; of the efforts of Representative Hopkins and Senator Cullom; of how the State Department had been aroused from lethargy, and of how even Williams had been spurred to action, though his efforts amounted to nothing.

Again the tears trickled down Dybert's cheeks. He knelt down, closed his eyes and moved his lips prayerfully.

**His Faith in God Never Failed.**

"You mustn't mind my weakness," he said, when he arose. "I was brought up a Christian, and somehow, even in my darkest hours of despair, when I was ready to believe that man had gone back on me forever, my faith in God never failed. I thought of all the good old minister back in Illinois had told me, and my mother's teaching came to my mind constantly. I thought God was punishing me for some sin I had committed, and I bowed in resignation to His will."

I asked him how Americans were treated in Spanish prisons. Again his eyes rested affectionately on the Captain.

"If it had not been for him," said Dybert, "the torture would have been more than I could bear. That man wears a Spanish uniform, but he has a heart as tender as a woman's. He does everything he can to make the men in here forget they are in prison. But, good as he is to them, he cannot make them forget their misery."

"You don't know what it is to be herded



Walter Grant Dybert in His Prison Cell in Guines, Cuba.

The unfortunate young Illinoisan was visited in jail by the Journal correspondent, the first of his countrymen whom he had seen since his incarceration of nearly two months ago up to that time. He told a story of terrible sufferings, and fell on his knees when assured that he would be released.

Into a cell nine feet long and twelve feet wide, with twenty-four other human beings, who never step outside except to go to their death by the garrote. You may imagine the condition that finally comes to the cell, and what a hell it is to a man of refinement, such as myself.

**Prayed for Execution.**

"When the guards have come to take prisoners to be executed, I have at times prayed God to let the authorities pronounce sentence of death upon me, so that my turn might come next. That was wicked, I know, but then living under such conditions was so terrible, and I fully expected that I was to die before long. I cannot imagine why they spared me, when every day I saw men whom I believe were as innocent as myself going to their death."

"Look at my image in that mirror! I do not recognize myself. See my gray hair; look at these lines on my face, and notice how shrunken my body is. When I came into this prison I looked the robust young man I was. My frame filled these clothes. Now there is room for two Walter Dyberts in this coat. I did not even have anybody to talk with, for nobody here speaks English, and I understand no Spanish."

"I have read the 'Count of Monte Cristo,' and I can realize now, though I never did before, what a truthful imagination Dumas had to describe so graphically the sufferings of Edmond Dantes."

"Can you tell me now if they are going to let me out?"

I told Dybert that Marquis De Palmerola had promised me that he should be free as soon as the formalities could be arranged.

Again Dybert fell on his knees and prayed.

**An Angel of Mercy.**

"You don't know what an angel of mercy you have been to me, my friend," he said. As I turned to go, Dybert knelt at my feet, and seizing my hand, covered it with kisses, as the tears streamed down his face. I tried to prevent him doing so, but he was too quick for me. At last I jerked my hand from his grasp, and hurried out of the prison for fear I should make a fool of myself, but when I saw that old war horse of a Captain using his handkerchief to wipe perspiration and something else from his face I felt ashamed no longer.

To-day I am sorry I went to the prison, for Dybert has not been released, and I know how bitter the disappointment has been to him, even though I sent him word that the day would not be far distant.

I asked Marquis Palmerola why the Government had not kept its word. His reply was that the civil authorities were satisfied of Dybert's innocence, and so was the military branch, but that there were certain forms that must be observed before the order of release could issue. It was the fault of the Spanish judicial methods, he said, but that even their ways would gain speed under the spurting the authorities had given them.

**Dybert Refused to Sign.**  
Dybert had told me of a paper written

## A LAUGH

from beginning to end is Bill Nye's masterpiece, the "Comic History of England." It is printed exclusively in the Sunday Journal. Don't miss reading it.

## WEYLER TELLS OF CUBAN DESOLATION.

Has Compiled a List of Insurgents' Acts, Showing Widespread Ruin.

Extensive Burning of Plantation Buildings, Sugar Cane and Even Entire Towns.

These Tactics, He Declares, Caused Him to Proclaim the Patriots as Bandits.

REITERATES HIS "NO-MERCY" POLICY.

Spanish Atrocities, He Suggests, May Be Only Retaliations for the Operations of the Army That is Fighting for Independence.

Havana, April 15.—Governor-General Weyler's chief of staff gives the appended list of acts by insurgents, which, he says, caused General Weyler to proclaim them criminals and threaten them with death. General Weyler authorizes its publication "that the facts may be proven, and the world may see to what use the arms sent to the insurgents are really put." These deeds are alleged to have been committed within the week before the proclamation was issued:

**BAHIA HONDA**—Destruction of the Ingenio San Gabriel sugar works.

**MATANZAS**—12,500,000 pounds of sugar burned on Jicarita estate.

**SANTO DOMINGO**—Over 6,000,000 pounds of sugar cane burned at Benito.

**YABUCITO**—800,000 pounds of sugar cane burned.

**SANTA ANA** (Oldra)—Eleven dwellings fired and destroyed; town hall and church destroyed.

**SANTO DOMINGO**—One million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds of sugar cane on the Esperanza estate burned.

**UNION DE REYES**—Sugar cane and buildings of La Rosa estate burned.

**AGUADA**—Fifty thousand pounds of sugar cane on Mercedes estate burned.

**JAIMITA**—Township of Marianno, whole village burned; also the plantation Herminia.

**AGUACATE**—Fields of ripe sugar cane burned in the night.

**MELENA DEL SUR TOWNSHIP**—Plantation Arangulite fired, and over 100 dwellings burned.

**GUINES**—Emilia plantation fired and ruined.

**SALADRIGAS**—Station of Western Railway burned.

**JARUCO**—San Miguel Railway station and four dwellings burned; San Jose plantation fired and destroyed.

**ASERRADERO**—Several dwellings, belonging to the Luisa estate, burned.

**MARIEL**—Tomasa (or Regalado) sugar plantation fired and destroyed.

**CANDELARIA**—Plantations Naviera and Alfezada fired and destroyed.

**PENALVER**—The Mayor, Don Joaquin Rodriguez Lavandera, murdered. Church, stores, and dwellings, fire records and a plantation outside the town burned.

**MATANZAS**—Over 6,000,000 pounds of sugar cane destroyed; horses and other property of the estate Jesus Maria stolen.

**QUAXABO**—Eight dwellings burned and town clerk murdered.

**ALVAREZ**—Three dwellings on outskirts burned.

**LIMONAR**—Sugar estate Saratoga ordered

by Gomez, through Manuel Menendez, to pay large sum within ten days, or suffer destruction.

**AMMENTERA**—Buildings of cattle farm burned.

**JATULA**—Buildings of cattle farm burned.

**ASUNCION CATETAL**—2,500,000 pounds of sugar cane destroyed.

**NAZARENO**—Owners of plantation Castrejo warned that if they do not stop selling milk in Havana—there being no other way to sell it and feed their families—their property will be burned.

**NAVIO QUARTER**—All the wooden buildings in suburbs burned, and every dwelling in suburbs of Ponce quarries.

**GARZON, SAN JENARO, LA LINEA** and **PONCE**—Every house burned.

**NAZARENO**—Several dwellings burned.

**CAMPO FLORIDO**—Railway train fired on by band.

**CORRALITO**—Entire village destroyed.

**QUIVICAN DISTRICT**—Estate Pilotos burned, and estates San Agustin and Mi Rosa forced to stop work.

**ALQUIZAR**—Seven fine country residences burned.

**SAN FELIPE**—Workmen's huts on sugar estate La Julia burned.

**DURAN**—Fields of ripe sugar cane destroyed.

**JUAYIO**—Town partly destroyed.

In nearly every case the Chief of Staff says, where a sugar plantation was destroyed, it was because its owners and workmen did not stop work at the order of these men, whose acts above stated General Weyler holds, show them to be bandits, deserving naught less than extermination.

He adds that General Weyler declares that if outrages are committed by the Cuban or Spanish troops under him, he does not know it or order it; that they are probably retaliations for such outrages as the above. But he says he is here to protect the peaceful and industrious people of Cuba against such wrongs, and intends to do so.

## COUNTRY OF SURPRISES.

English Investors Fear to Deal with Us, for They Don't Know What We Are About.

By Julian Ralph.

London, April 23.—Labouchere's Truth, in its money article, says:

"The wire-pullers of Wall Street during the past week have engineered a rise of from \$1 to \$2 in a number of active stocks, but there has been very little disposition on this side to follow their lead. It would be different if American statesmen had not been playing with international politics, for the public here are getting ready for a gamble, but they have had a severe lesson by the Venezuelan and Cuban disputes, and there is, moreover, looming ahead the Presidential election, which may give rise to further unsettling occurrences."

"It is said that both parties are gradually coming to the view that the gold basis may be maintained, but the United States is a country of surprises, and no reliance is therefore to be placed in these reports."

"Gold shipments are for the time being stopped, and a hope is expressed that they may not assume the large proportions which had been apprehended, as the trade balance is comparatively small. The fact is, no one wants gold on this side, and if European investors were to buy even a moderate amount of Yankee stocks the position would at once be altered for the better, but the circumstances, already explained, do not point toward such a contingency."

## GALLANT RESCUES AT A BROADWAY FIRE.

Frantic Young Woman Saved from Impending Death Through Fire and Smoke.

Two Elevator Boys Stick to Their Posts Amid Suffocating Fumes, Regardless of Peril.

TRAFFIC IN BROADWAY STOPPED.

Alleged Fireproof Cable Power Building, at Houston Street, Had a Blaze Which Spread Alarm for a Short Time.

Two young elevator boys won laurels for their gallant action during a fire which broke out near the close of business hours last evening in the Broadway cable car power building at the corner of Houston street. The heroes were Theodore Smith, of No. 330 East Ninetieth street, and Clarence Brown, of West Sixty-seventh street. The elevator shaft and stairways were filled with suffocating smoke in an inconceivably short time, but the lads stuck to their posts and endeavored to operate the elevators till all the tenants and employees on the upper floors were safely landed below. Thus the danger of a serious catastrophe was averted. The brave rescue of a frantic girl is recorded.

The fire created a great deal of excitement, and for an hour traffic was suspended in that locality. The cable cars were unable to cross Houston street on account of the fire hose lying across the tracks, and two strings of cars were in line, extending from Houston street up nearly to Fourteenth street and down to Franklin street. It was 6 o'clock when the first alarm was given, and this was followed by two other alarms. After half an hour's labor the fire was under control.

In the meanwhile the occupants of the building on the upper floors were in a state of terror. The smoke was so dense that it was almost impossible to locate the stairways or elevator. In the offices of the Steinhart Necktie Manufacturing Company a number of young girls are employed, and they were in a frenzy, and had it not been for the cool bravery of the elevator boys, Smith and Brown, a number of casualties might have resulted.

Miss Kammerer, employed with this firm, was not so fortunate as her companions, and would probably have lost her life had it not been for the timely assistance of Julius Dinkelspiel, a dealer in fancy goods, on the same floor, and who was looking himself for a means of escape. He encountered the young woman in the hallway and piloted her to a window opening on the next building. A fire escape was near the window and Mr. Dinkelspiel, having secured a footing on it, reached for Miss Kammerer, and placing her upon his shoulders descended to the roof of No. 623 Broadway. From there they made their way through the scuttle on the roof to the street below.

The fire originated on the third floor in the offices of Otto C. Feldheim who occupies rooms Nos. 323 and 330. He is a dealer in buttons. The adjoining rooms, Nos. 321 and 323 are the offices of J. L. Walker & Co., dealers in neckwear. B. M. Schoenfeld, a jeweller, also has adjoining rooms. These three concerns sustained almost total losses. It was estimated by Fire Chief Lally that the entire losses will reach \$20,000. Schoenfeld says his damage is about \$4,000, with no insurance. J. L. Walker & Co. estimate their damage at \$2,000 and Otto C. Feldheim at \$3,000. Both of these firms are secured by insurance. The building is registered as fireproof, and the damage, except by water, is nominal.

## HE WANTS A MALE HEIR.

Hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg Announces His Intention to Marry Again.

Berlin, April 22.—As a result of Emperor William of Germany's visits to Oldenburg, the hereditary Grand Duke has announced his intention to make a second marriage, hoping to obtain a male heir, and thus exclude the Russian branch of the family from the throne of Oldenburg.

The hereditary Grand Duke Augustus married a daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia (the Red Prince) and sister of the Duchess of Connaught. She died, leaving as issue an only daughter.

As the Salic law prevails in Oldenburg, this young Princess cannot succeed to the throne, and the male heir is a descendant of the present Duke's uncle. That side of the family has become thoroughly Russanized by marrying Russian archduchesses and living in Russia. Emperor William strongly objects to any one with Russian sympathies being a sovereign of one of the countries forming his empire.

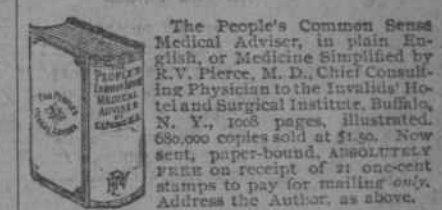
## IN HIS MAJESTY'S HONOR.

The Music of Aegir Moves Prince Henry of Prussia to Rename His English-Built Yacht.

By Henry W. Fischer.

Berlin, April 22.—Prince Henry has promised the Kaiser to rename his new English yacht L'Esperance, the Aegir, in honor of his brother's somewhat remarkable ode.

Prince Henry will bring the Aegir to Kiel, accompanied by the dispatch boat Meteor.



**A Tragedy of Real Life,**  
TOLD BY  
**EDGAR SALTUS**  
IN NEXT  
**SUNDAY'S JOURNAL.**



The Rev. Dr. Alberto Diaz, Now in a Cuban Prison.

Taken from the latest photograph of the Baptist clergyman who was recently seized in Havana and placed "incommunicado" in Morro Castle on no one knows what charge. Dr. Diaz is an American citizen. The Baptist denomination in this country is closely related to his missionary labors in Cuba. Every effort is being made by clergymen and associations of that church here to secure his prompt release.



MISS KAMMERER RESCUED FROM DEATH AT A BROADWAY FIRE.

Near the close of business hours last evening fire started on the third floor of the cable power building at Broadway and Houston street. The elevator shafts, the stairways and the upper floors were soon filled with suffocating smoke, and a panic started among the girls who worked on these floors. While Julius Dinkelspiel was groping his way on the top floor he found Miss Kammerer, who was prostrate and helpless. He revived her at a window, which he forced open, took her down a fire-escape and gained the street through an adjoining building. The elevator boys stuck to their posts gallantly during all the excitement.